

*Was it for this thou wer't prefer'd?  
The cook is little now rever'd.  
I've heard thee call'd, I've seen thee shun,  
When 'twas high time the meat was done:  
Haste to thy duty, Trudge, said I;—  
E'en go yourself, was the reply.*

*—That answer you deserv'd, I gave,  
' I'm Turnspit yet, but not your slave.  
' If pref'rence be to merit due,  
' Who knows? I've parts as well as you.  
—My vassal once, too mean for friend,  
To rival me dost thou pretend?*

*—' I may for somewhat more declare;  
' Can wind the Partridge, start the Hare.'  
' (Your Poachers surest take the game).  
' And now a dog of title am,  
' As well you. Pray mark me, Sir.'  
—No (Rover growl'd) thou'rt but a Cur.*

*The MORAL. Addressed to a Prime Minister.*

*Would you the weight of public cares divide,  
Let those be trusted who have long been try'd;  
Ungrateful upstarts prove their patrons foes,  
And rivals to the Power by which they rose.*

*The*



*The JUGGLER.*

*A Juggler long thro' all the town,  
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;  
You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
The devil at his fingers ends.*

*Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;  
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,*

*She*